

MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S

ON THE
FOLLOWING SUBJECTS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. A Sundays Dialogue between
a Church-Yard and Part of
the Congregation. | VII. Industry and Sloth. A
Fable. |
| II. A Dialogue between Age,
Youth, and Time. | VIII. The Pence Table turned
into a Song. |
| III. On the Vicissitudes of Hu-
man Life. | IX. The Multiplication Table
also turned into a Song. |
| IV. On Time Past. | X. All the Rules of Reduction
of Vulgar Fractions served in
the same Manner, for the Be-
nefit and Instruction of Young
Arithmeticians. |
| V. On Time Present. | |
| VI. An Elegy on the late LORD
LYTTELTON. | |

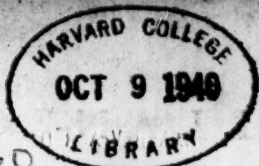
TO WHICH IS ADDED
BRITANNIA weeping for the Loss of her CHILDREN. A
Moral Song.

The Fourth Edition, with Alterations and Additions.

BY N A T. W I T H Y.

W O L V E R H A M P T O N.

Printed for the AUTHOR, by M. SMART and SON.
M.DCC.LXXVII.



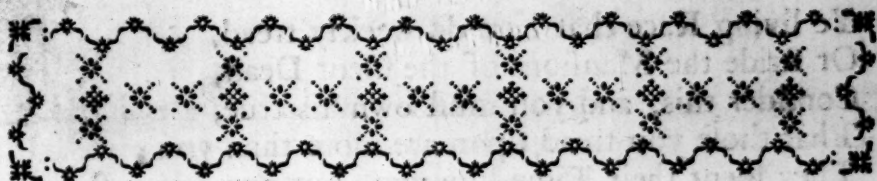
Jackson Fund

17463.11.60

LIBRARY

TO THE
R E A D E R.

*W*HEN Poverty compels the rustic Bard,
To sing or weep, because the Times are hard,
'Tis hop'd the learned Critic, great and wise,
Will turn aside his penetrating Eyes,
And think it nobler far to overlook,
Than to condemn, my little trifling Book
Then Paths of Fame I leave for him to soar,
While I my Tables sing, from Door to Door,
In humble strain, yet as the Moments fly,
At the same Instant, sing and multiply;
Regardless of Pedantic Scoffs and Frowns,
Through rural Plains and Corporation Towns:
My Muse is gentle, yet not prone to Vice,
My Book's compact, and Three-pence is the Price.



Miscellaneous Poems.

A DIALOGUE between a CHURCH-YARD *and Part of the CONGREGATION.*

THE Morning dawns, the Sun with radiant Light,
Dispels the Darkness of the gloomy Night,
His golden Beams adorn each Hill and Green,
And let the Beauties of the World be seen.
Whoe'er looks up, sure cannot but admire
To see the heavenly Lamp of liquid Fire,
Fix'd in the Centre, as it doth appear,
While we move round him each revolving Year;
Which Men divide by Parts, yet different Ways,
Into three hundred, sixty, and five Days,
The seventh Part of these, must be confest,
By God's Command were set apart for Rest.
This Day is one of His, when Men repair
Across the Church-yard to the House of Prayer;
But ere they enter some do rove among
The Graves or Tombs of the departed Throng.
Here various Thoughts affect the human Heart,
To see the Havock made by Death's keen Dart.
This fills the Mind with Terror and Dismay:
Now as they walk'd the Church-yard seem'd to say,

B

Ye

Ye living Race that here do weekly tread,
 Or stride the Mansions of the silent Dead,
 Consider this, and you must own 'tis true,
 That those you tread upon are more than you ;
 They spent their Time like you, but now 'tis past,
 This shews the Road that you must come at last :
 Do what you will, or wander where you please,
 Sail on the Deep, or live at Home in ease ;
 It matters not from what or where you come,
 This is the only Place you can call Home.
 Let this admonish you to fear your God,
 Lest you soon feel his smart avenging Rod.
 Thus spoke the Church-yard, when a Monarch grand,
 The great and mighty Ruler of the Land,
 Said, what is this that thou pretend'st to shew ?
 It is no more than what all Mortals know ;
 But what of that ? the Time at Distance stands,
 We do not fear thy Threat'ning or Commands.

CHURCH-YARD.

Proud Man, thou seemest in thy Strength to boast,
 Because thou rul'st the Land, the Sea, and Coast ;
 Millions around thee stand in Dread and Awe,
 And bend beneath thy Yoke or rig'rous Law,
 At thy Command they must bend humbly down,
 The Power of Life and Death lies in thy Crown :
 Yet all thy Pomp, thy Splendor, and Estate,
 Cannot secure thee from the Book of Fate ;
 Here thou must come, and leave thy shining Wealth,
 Thy Power will not reach to save thyself ;
 Sicknèss or Age will make thee bow thy Head
 Down to the Dust, to mingle with the Dead,
 Thou didst command, but here thou must obey,
 This is the End of thy tyrannic Sway.---

Hold

Hold, says a Duke, who seemed to draw near,
 This does not suit my Lord and Sovereign's Ear;
 He's wise and valiant, prudent and discreet,
 So mild, so modest temper'd, and so sweet,
 Princes like him should have free Liberty
 To please themselves, and not be taught by thee.

CHURCH-YARD.

Thy Speech is false, thou knowest better Things,
 Yet thy base Sect have ruin'd many Kings;
 To speak the Truth thou deemest impolite,
 Thy Talent is to act the Parasite.
 By such base Means thy Sov'reign's led astray,
 And hardly can perceive the better Way;
 But a wise King will all thy Sort despise,
 And take his Counsel from the old and wise;
 'Tis Vanity to say much more of this,
 To him that is resolv'd to do amiss.
 Go seek for VIRTUE and her Sister TRUTH,
 They are the Guardians of old Age and Youth;
 Teach better Precepts, mind the smarting Rod,
 And don't, to please thy King, displease thy God.
 But now stand bye, I see another come,
 Whose Garments sparkle like the dazzling Sun;
 It is a Lady of a high Degree,
 Who little thinks of bending down to me;
 She glories in her Beauty and her Charms,
 And bears a favourite Lap-dog in her Arms.

LADY.

What if I do? sure it can be no Crime,
 For me to take my Pleasure in my prime;
 I like to be admired by the Throng,
 I'll please myself, let Life be short or long;

If thou say'st much I'll from thy Presence fly,
And never more come near thee till I die.

CAURCH-YARD.

Proud haughty Dame, thou canst not fly me long,
Where wilt thou go, where mingle with the Throng?
My Messenger is still behind thy Back,
Perhaps this Moment treading in thy Track:
His Name is DEATH, 'tis he will find thee out,
He goes to every Ball and every Rout:
Tho' thou at present dost not seem to fear,
He'll make thee tremble as he draws more near:
It is in vain to think from him to hide,
His Dart's a Period to all human Pride.
Go and prepare thyself while in thy Power,
Against the last tremendous awful Hour,
Sell off those glitt'ring Toys with which thou'rt dress'd,
To help the Poor, and succour the distress'd;
While thou in Splendour strivest to outvy,
Thy fellow Creatures loud with Hunger cry:
Yet to their great Distress thou seemest mute,
And in thy Bosom nourisheth a Brute,
He's by thy Hands with Dainties daily fed,
While thousands round thee cry aloud for Bread:
The Cripple stands deploring his hard Case,
And fain would look for Pity in thy Face,
Yet in Disdain thou walk'st triumphant by,
Regardless of his mournful piercing cry:
Or Perhaps a Female with her Babe appears,
Cover'd with Rags, and quite absorb'd in Tears,
Desiring only for to taste the Fare
On which thy Dog is fed with so much Care;
Yet thou canst leave the Innocent distress'd,
To gnaw the craving hungry Mother's Breast.

Perhaps

Perhaps thou'llt deign to make this harsh Reply.
 Stand off, thou filthy Creature ! let me by ;
 I hate to hear a dirty begging Crew,
 There is a Law provides for such as you.
 This more declares thy Cruelty and Pride,
 What Law against Misfortunes can provide ?
 They steal upon us like our Days and Years,
 And turn redundant Joys to briny Tears ;
 So blame them not who are oppress'd with Woe,
 No Mortal knows the Road he has to go.
 Now if you're wise you soon may learn from hence
 That want of Pity is the want of Sense ;
 Sufficient is enough, then why should Man
 Strive any further to enlarge the Plan ?
 For all your Wealth will quickly disappear,
 You know you must not cannot bring it here ;
 Nor can you tell when you bid it adieu
 What those alive will do with it or you ;
 So mind your Duty more than vast Increase,
 What signifies a short and transitory Lease ?
 Do all the good you can, but do no ill,
 And bend your Mind to the Almighty's Will.
 This will befriend you when your Treasure's fled,
 And gain you Peace when mingl'd with the Dead.
 Now, Lady fair, I've told you what to do.
 The Fault can't lie on me, but must on you ;
 Strive all you can in Virtue to excel,
 I'll say no more to you, so now Farewel.

DIALOGUE

D I A L O G U E II.

Between AGE, YOUTH, and TIME.

ONCE more I'll sing, while on this earthly Stage,
 Of sprightly YOUTH, and weak declining AGE;
 I find the Diff'rence nothing but a Span,
 'Twixt florid Youth, and helpless aged Man.
 I heard them talk and now to speak the Truth,
 Old AGE is seldom pleas'd with thoughtless Youth;
 For AGE will never that Allowance make,
 Which in his Youth he us'd himself to take.
 The Father said, my Son, how can this be,
 That my Advice seems irksome unto thee?
 I'm quite alarm'd at thy Excess and Pride,
 Thy Disrespect, and twenty Things beside.
 The Youth retorted, as some Youths will do,
 Can you expect me to behave like you?
 You've had your Day, but now 'tis on decline,
 Pray be not angry, for I will have mine.
 I long to rove among the human Race,
 See ev'ry Kingdom, ev'ry Clime and Place,
 To cross the Seas where foaming Billows roar,
 And the vast Limits of the World explore;
 Your close Restriction I'll no longer mind,
 But leave my Friends as well as Foes behind.
 I thirst for Glory and sometimes for Gain,
 Nor can I bear to hear you thus complain.
 Honour and Fame do still attend the Brave,
 Your Servant, Sir, I'll be no more your Slave.

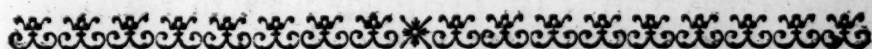
Ah!

Ah! my dear Son, can you then leave me so,
 To rove in Climates that you do not know;
 Is this the best Return you have to make
 For what I have endured for your Sake?
 I staid at Home, when I might rove quite free,
 To nourish, succour, and to comfort thee,
 While thou wast helpless, tender, young, and weak,
 I guarded thee and taught thee how to speak;
 Thou wast the only Object of my Care,
 And hast already had what I could spare;
 But let me tell thee, Honour, Glory, Fame,
 Are foolish Trifles with an empty Name,
 Where wilt thou find them, or where first repair,
 Down through the Earth, or upward mount in Air?
 It matters not which Way; for to thy Cost
 Thou'lt find thy Journey and thy Labour lost.
 Learn then, my Son, before it is too late,
 To shun the Dangers of impending Fate:
 Honour's a Jilt, and Glory's but a Blast,
 And Fame's a Phantom, thou wilt find at last.
 Yet these delude unwary headstrong Youth,
 To leave the flow'ry Paths of Peace and Truth,
 Sure Disobedience is a grievous Crime;
 But stop, let us consult with Neighbour TIME.
 With all my Heart, reply'd the vent'rous Youth,
 I've often heard you say he speaks the Truth.
 TIME hearing this, said, You are both to blame,
 I would not speak till you brought forth my Name;
 Old Age speaks well and doubtless speaks the Truth,
 Though disregarded by a thoughtless Youth;
 But since you ask me, I will tell you plain,
 Content's the greatest good you can obtain,
 She is quite gentle, affable, and kind,
 And fain would enter to adorn the Mind.

But

But you'll not let her, this makes you lament,
 And she to scourge you sends forth Discontent ;
 She gains Admittance, brings in Care and Strife,
 And all the Enemies of human Life.
 These soon torment you, plague you to the Heart,
 And for your Follies make you sorely smart ;
 You hunt for Riches, Honour, and what not,
 While Peace and sweet Content lie quite forgot.
 This is the Cause (oh, wretched Cause to say !)
 That drives your Sons and Daughters quite astray ;
 But when they're driven to Extremity,
 To cloak their Crimes they'll lay the Fault on me :
 This makes it worse, for if they'd use me well,
 Peace and Content would always with them dwell.
 I've often heard Men at their trifling Games,
 Call me, their Friend, a hundred diff'rent Names.
 One calls me good, another calls me bad,
 One makes me sober, and another sad ;
 Some call me wicked, barb'rous, and what not,
 While by some Fools I'm totally forgot :
 To waste me, kill me, some do often try,
 While some do count me as I pass them by ;
 Others divide me, as quite plain appears,
 Into small Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years :
 Yet for all this I always am the same,
 I alter not my Property or Name,
 And all Men know, if they have common Sense,
 I never did or can give an Offence.
 Of me each Man has but a slender Share,
 Though some pretend they have enough to spare.
 But to conclude, I'll strive both you to please,
 Still use me well, and you will soon find Ease,
 So do but this, and wander where you please.
 You plainly see Joy and Felicity
 Cannot be had, without improving me.

(11)
Do this, and you will never more lament,
Indeed it was for this you here were sent.
You can no other way attain your Ends,
'Twill gain you Peace and everlasting Friends;
You'll find my Doctrine wholesome, sound, and true;
When you bid me and this vain World adieu.
The YOUTH bow'd down just as old TIME had done,
When both shook Hands, the Father and the Son;
They own'd that TIME in Counsel did excel,
And promis'd all their Days to use him well.



O N T H E
VICISSITUDES *of* HUMAN LIFE.

L O R D, what is Man! we often read the first
Was form'd by thy Almighty Hand with Dust;
But ever since the EDEN happy Reign,
He's got by Sin, and then brought forth in Pain:
Sorrow attends him the first Breath he draws,
As if he'd made a Breach in Nature's Laws.
His infant Paths are Innocence and Truth,
But how extravagantly wild in Youth!
In Manhood mad, decrepid in his Age,
For then his Limbs do totter on the Stage.
His Voice moves Pity, when he comes at first,
His last commanding Grief and sore Disgust.
The Brute Creation are Dame NATURE's Care,
Her Quadrupeds are cloth'd with Wool or Hair;

C

The

The Birds with Feathers, which do seem to vie
With all the spangl'd Colours of the Sky;
The Peacock's Tail, expanded like a Fan,
More Beauty shews than all the Dress of Man.
The Fishes too are all suppli'd with Scales,
From the minutest up to monstrous Whales.
Thus Nature doth her noble Gifts dispense
To Beasts, to Birds, and Fishes, for Defence.
But Man is born in such defenceless Plight,
He cannot handle, hear, or see aright:
His wants come with him when he first appears,
Which makes his tender Eyes gush out with Tears;
Piteous and mournful are his tender Cries,
Naked he comes, and naked from us flies,
Simple his Thoughts, and vain are his Desires,
The more he sees, the more he still requires.
Likewise when Reason once assumes her Seat,
Then all his Wants are more and more replete;
For Reason, which is Man's distinguish'd Guide,
He stains with Passion, Avarice, or Pride.
Insatiate Revenge now fires the Mind,
And Pride abominable makes him blind;
He spurns the Thought of being wise and just,
To tread the Paths of Cruelty and Lust;
He scorns to stoop or hearken to the Man
That don't approve his headstrong foolish Plan.
But while his Thoughts are all on Pleasure bent,
A sudden Pain is through his Bowels sent;
In this sad State he's heard aloud to cry,
Oh! help me, help me, or I quickly die:
Yet die he cannot till allow'd by Fate,
So let's behold him in his wretched State.
Now Enemies assault, and Friends betray,
And frightful Dangers tumble in his Way:

Intoxicating

Intoxicating Hope sometimes appears,
 But soon gives Way to black tormenting Fears;
 Then Care comes in to give the next Assault,
 And makes his Actions ev'ry one a Fault,
 While Wrongs oppress him, Thieves do from him steal,
 And those he trusted all his Crimes reveal;
 Ills croud upon him like th' impending Storm,
 And make him rue the Time that he was born.
 In the last Scene, deplorable his case,
 His Eyes are dim, and sunk within his Face,
 His Hands are feeble, and his Feet are lame,
 And all his Glory tarnish'd o'er with Shame;
 His Sinews shrunk, and Bones now almost dry,
 While Woes and Evils on him multiply;
 He longs for Comfort while it from him flies,
 And each revolving Pain renews his Cries.
 Thus he drags on, through Bustle, Noise and Strife,
 The sad Remains of miserable life;
 Each Time he draws his quick and short'ning Breath,
 He look's with Terror at approaching Death;
 His infant Days in Folly all were spent,
 And those of Youth heap on him Discontent;
 Which makes him now detest the Verge or Brink
 Of Folly's Brook, where he was us'd to drink!
 No Friend to help in this Extremity,
 But wither'd Age, and weak Infirmary.
 LORD, what is Man! when he is brought so low,
 But like a Dunghill blanch'd o'er with Snow;
 Now Fortune frowns, the fickle-minded Dame
 Turns all her Smiles to Mockery and Game:
 She sets him up to Malice as a Mark,
 Then leaves him quite bewilder'd in the Dark.
 If poor and needy, or in great Distress,
 He'll find more Troubles daily on him press;

Despis'd by those who ought to yield Relief,
 While mean Insults add Fuel to his Grief;
 Taunts and Reflections tingle in his Ears,
 Which wound his Heart, and multiply his Tears.
 Yet he's one Comfort left, If very poor,
 The Sons of Pride will ever miss his Door:
 If rich, he's flatter'd by the fawning Crow'd,
 Though secretly accus'd of being proud;
 If prudent, then mistrusted various Ways---
 Thus Man's a Butt for Envy all his Days;
 If simple, then they presently deride---
 There is no Medium in the Sons of Pride.

LORD, what is Man! who thus contends for Pow'r,
 His blooming Beauty's nothing but a Flow'r,
 His Wit no more than just a sudden Flash,
 And his great Strength as tender as the Grass,
 His boasted Wisdom, Folly leads astray,
 As well the old, as thoughtless, young, and gay,
 His Judgment weak, his Art but imperfection,
 Subject to Censure, Error, and Detection;
 He may, perhaps, by some bold Stroke amaze,
 Though all his Glory's nothing but a Blaze,
 His Time a Span, himself an airy Bubble,
 Surrounded ev'ry where with Toil and Trouble;
 He cries at coming on this earthly Stage,
 And laughs at some Intervals down to Age,
 When Tears again stream from his wat'ry Eyes,
 And helpless Man in frightful groaning dies:
 So let us strive, while our swift Moments fly,
 To find the Road to IMMORTALITY.

O N T I M E P A S T.

THE Time that's past since the first Man was made,
 Or form'd of Clay, in EDEN's happy Shade,
 Is now fled by, just like a Ball that's tost,
 Along the Strand, and in the Surges lost.
 Records, indeed, are left for us to scan,
 We read of such a Place or such a Man,
 Of such a City, Monument, or Bust,
 Whose Ruins lie on Heaps, or sunk in Dust,
 Of Kingdoms, Empires, Sieges, and what not,
 (Though some of these are totally forgot;)
 Of num'rous Armies, Battles in Array,
 Who sometimes won the Field, yet lost the Day;
 Yet among Myriads, tell me, if you can,
 Who ever liv'd and died a happy Man.
 Indeed I bow (and hope 'tis no Offence)
 To those who stand recorded for their Sense,
 For Wisdom, Learning, Piety, and Truth,
 Because they teach old Age as well as Youth,
 To soar above, or thro' the Regions fly,
 Through Rays of Light, to Immortality.
 But Time once past we never can regain,
 He who attempts it, labours but in vain:
 For while he strives past Moments to command,
 He loses those he has got near at Hand.
 So for that Reason I will drop my Scheme,
 And make the present Time my future Theme;
 Except I am oblig'd as I go on,
 Sometimes to make a just Comparison,
 This then allow'd, once more, kind Muse descend,
 And while I speak the Truth my Cause defend.

ON TIME PRESENT.

O PRESENT TIME, thou Subject of my Lays,
 I cannot hear one Mortal sing thy Praise;
 But often hear them in a mournful Strain,
 Of thee in Bitterness of Heart complain:
 Yet I must own, if I may speak quite free,
 I cannot lay one single Fault on thee.
 No: I will bless thee for the Crops of Grain,
 That yearly grow on ev'ry fertile plain;
 Thy bounteous Blessings still adorn the Land,
 And ev'ry where employ the labouring Hand.
 Yet notwithstanding Plenty does appear,
 The Reaper finds his Bread both scarce and dear;
 BRITANNIA mourns at her unhappy State,
 'Cause her stout Sons do daily emigrate
 To distant Nations o'er the briny Deep;
 This is enough to make BRITANNIA weep.
 While her proud Children, which should have more Sense,
 Do load the Land with Taxes and Expence;
 They ride in Chariots like the Sons of Pride,
 While others on their Brethren's Shoulders ride;
 The Gain they purchase, but ne'er mind the Rate,
 Because it adds more Wealth to their Estate,
 Greedy of Gain they still monopolize,
 And while the Ploughman starves they gormandize,
 Regardless of their Fellow-Creatures Cries,
 No wonder then if half the Nation,
 Should leave the Land by Emigration;
 For he's a Fool that would not chuse to fly
 From dreadful Want and frightful Misery,
 The other Day I heard a rustic Swain,
 In mournful Accents bitterly complain.

His Bottle, once the Emblem of his Pride,
 Lay quite neglected, empty by his Side.
 Adieu, he cry'd, dear Bottle ! we must part,
 The losing thee almost distracts my Heart ;
 Yet part we must, O ! my Companion dear,
 For my Task-master will afford no Beer ;
 The more I do, the more he seems to crave,
 And says that such as me were born to slave.
 Likewise my Dame, a weather-beaten Punk,
 Says, thou wast always us'd to make me drunk.
 Thus, my dear Bottle, art thou vilify'd,
 No more I dare strut with thee Side by Side.
 What must I do, in this my wretched State ?
 Sometimes I have a mind to emigrate ;
 For what adds daily to my torpid Grief,
 There is no Glimpse or Sign of a Relief.
 Now ev'ry Morn I'm up before the Lark,
 And toil and labour till 'tis almost dark ;
 When Sol has left me, Home I faintly steer,
 And drink the limpid Stream instead of beer.
 While my good Master thinks it is no Crime
 To lay my Wrongs upon the present Time,
 Though he is loaded with the Price of Grain,
 The Product of my Labour, Toil, and Pain ;
 So I without thee must my Task pursue,
 Adieu, dear Bottle ! evermore Adieu !
 Thus HODGE complain'd among his fellow Slaves,
 And broke his darling Bottle all to Staves.
 Had WILKES been there, or N--TH th' immaculate,
 The Prop and Wonder of the BRITISH State :
 What would they say, to see the Bottle broke ?
 Perhaps they'd laugh as at a common Joke ;
 Or may-be promise, as they've done before,
 To do some mighty Thing to serve the Poor.

For

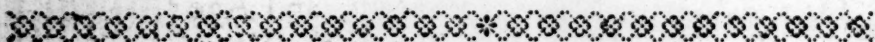
For they can vow like Sailors in a Storm,
 But when the Cloud's blown off, will ne'er perform.
 I hope these Sons of Wisdom will excuse
 My long and great Attention to the News ;
 Their Promises I've very often read,
 Yet BRITAIN'S Sons by Thousands cry for Bread.
 Thus still I find my ardent Wishes crost,
 And all my Time in Expectations lost.
 What glorious Times had BRITONS ev'ry Way,
 When GEORGE the Second did the Sceptre sway !
 We humbled FRANCE, and almost ruin'd SPAIN,
 And sail'd triumphant on the azure Main ;
 We kept the SPANISH Dons in torpid Fears,
 And blew their Castle Walls about their Ears,
 Quell'd a Rebellion which like Fury spread ;
 Yet all this Time we never cry'd for Bread.
 Nay, we could spare to other Lands Relief
 Of Malt and Corn, or famous ENGLISH Beef.
 But now, alas ! our Wants and Woes increase,
 While pinching Hunger reigns in Time of Peace.
 No Wonder then that those in humble Station
 Do ev'ry Day grow fond of Emigration.
 I own there's Danger in the tedious Flight,
 And Perils when engag'd in Savage Fight.
 But then 'tis better to go e'er so far,
 Than stay at Home to wage a Savage War.
 For when a wise Man's Evils are increas'd,,
 He will not study long, but chuse the least.

(4)

IN MEMORY OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON,
Who Departed this Life, Universally Lamented,
August the 24th, 1773.

NOW all the Great have sung in Pompous Strain,
Why should not I, a rustic Bard, complain;
I own their Talents quite sublimely shine,
Be Fame their Portion, while sad Grief is mine;
For I have lost a Friend both wise and just---
My kind Protector's mingled with the Dust:
His Glass is out and the last Sand is run,
Oh! Reader, drop one Tear for LYTTELTON.
His Name revere, and Memory ever bless,
Who ne'er could see his Brother in Distress.
Insatiate Death! where lies thy bitter Sting?
My echoing Woes shall through the Valleys ring:
Could'st thou not take some Object off the Stage,
Oppress'd with Misery, Poverty, and Age?
And spare the kind Protector of the Poor,
Who daily bless'd his Hospitable Door?
No: Tyrants always strive to leave the worst,
And still lop off the noble, wise, and just.
A greater Ill thou could'st no Way contrive---
This Stroke has wounded Thousands yet alive.
Mourn! HAGLEY, mourn! in doleful Silence tread,
Our Noble Lord lies breathless--cold--and dead!
Oh! cruel News! it fills my Heart with Grief---
Where must the wretched fly to find Relief?
O Death! where hast thou took, by sudden Rend,
The Rich Man's Pattern, and the Poor Man's Friend?

'Tis thy Delight to elevate Distress,
 And all his Study was to make it less;
 But that great Virtue that here fill'd his Breast,
 Now gains him Peace and everlasting Rest.
 Thou only from this Earth hast set him free,
 For now in Heaven he triumphs over thee,
 Else, gracious God! what must become of me?
 His like on Earth I never more shall find,
 So meek, so humble, and so good and kind:
 By all rever'd, still honour'd by the Brave,
 Lov'd by the Wise, and pray'd for by the Slave.---
 But he is gone, so I'll no more complain,
 For my great Loss is his eternal Gain;
 He was too good with Sinners here to stay,
 So Angels came and wafted him away;
 His bright ethereal Form now upwards flies,
 Through Heavenly Regions, quite beyond the Skies.
 Let other Bards his mighty Worth declare,
 Who have more Learning, and more Time to spare;
 While I no more Poetick Paths pursue---
 I'll drop my Pen---ye Muses all adieu.



O N D E G R E E S.

BY slow Degrees Experience we attain,
 Abstruse Affairs we by Degrees explain;
 We by Degrees the Steps of Science trace,
 And by Degrees to others leave our Place;
 By slow Degrees the polish'd Steel takes Rust,
 And by Degrees we moulder into Dust;
 Then why should Man be lofty, proud, or vain,
 Whose made of Dust, and turns to Dust again.

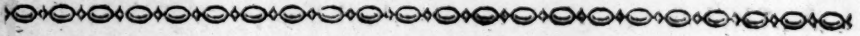
INDUSTRY

INDUSTRY AND SLOTH,

A F A B L E.

HOW many Men in this low World are seen
 Useless, as if they ne'er had been;
 They pass through Life as Birds do through the Air,
 And leave no Track behind of what they were;
 But waste the Prime of Youth deliberating
 What they shall do, without determining:
 They stand and gaze till the last Sand is run,
 Thus all their Time is lost, yet nothing done.
 An indolent young Man being asked why
 He lay in Bed so long? made this Reply,
 Or careless Answer, without any Pause,
 If you will hear, I'll quickly tell the Cause.
 Two pretty Girls, perhaps you know them both,
 One's called INDUSTRY, and the other SLOTH,
 Stand by my Bed: INDUSTRY bids me rise,
 While SLOTH desires me to close my Eyes.
 Lie still, she cries, and stretch your Limbs at Ease,
 My Task shall be your silent Thoughts to please,
 Indulge yourself, while Youth is in its Bloom,
 The modern Gentleman don't rise till Noon;
 In Vulgar Minds INDUSTRY bears the Sway,
 But such as you she must not lead astray:
 Lie down, my dear, my Counsel's always best,
 And he's the happy Man who loves his Rest.
 Thus she goes on. INDUSTRY then replies,
 He that regards his Health should early rise,
 Resolve on something worthy human Praise,
 And not in slothful Slumber spend his Days.
 These Arguments do seem so very pressing,
 It's almost Noon before I think of dressing,

That I declare, as I'm a wicked Sinner,
 Before the Pleading's o'er, 'tis Time for Dinner.
 Remove these fair ones that still lie perdue,
 Then I, perhaps, may rise as soon as you.



The PENCE TABLE, turn'd into a SONG.

TWENTY PENCE is *One and Eight Pence*,
 This in Paper out I laid;
Thirty Pence is *Two and Six Pence*;
 This I for a Grammar paid;
Forty Pence is *Three and Four Pence*,
 This I spent in going to School;
Fifty Pence is *Four and Two Pence*,
 And with this I bought a Rule;
Sixty Pence is just *Five Shillings*,
 Master this for Entrance got;
Seventy Pence is *Five and Ten Pence*,
 Who dare say that it is not?
Eighty Pence is *Six and Eight Pence*,
 This is just a Lawyer's Fee;
Ninety Pence is *Seven and Six Pence*,
 As you all may plainly see;
 An *Hundred Pence* is *Eight and Four Pence*,
 This I lent to Cousin Ben;
 But as he wanted *Nine and Two Pence*,
 I gave him the other *Ten*;
 But had he wanted just *Ten Shillings*,
 Then I must have gave *Ten* more;
 I bid him take it and not plague me,
 But ne'er borrow from me more.

T H E
MULTIPLICATION TABLE
TURNED INTO A SONG.

THREE ^{12,} 3's is 9, three 4's is
Three 5's is 15 sure,
And 3 times 6 is just 18,
And wants 2 of a Score;
Seven times 3 is 21,
Three 8's is 24,
And 3 times 9 is 27,
Indeed it is no more.
Four 4's were 16 pretty Girls
Who liv'd near HAGLEY Park,
And 4 times 5 were 20 Blades
Who met them in the Dark;
And 4 times 6 were 24
Of Women old and grey,
And 4 times 7 were 28
Of Maids that went astray.
Now 4 times 8 is 32,
Four 9's is 36,
And 5 times 5 were 25
Inclin'd to knavish Tricks;
And 5 times 6 were 30 Boys
Who lost their Time at Play,
And 5 times 7 were 35
Of Farmers cloath'd in Grey.
Now 5 times 8 were 40 Scots
Who came from ABERDEEN,
And 5 times 9 were 45,
Which gave [them all the
Spleen;

And 6 times 6 were 36
Fine Ladies all in Blue,
And all must own that 7 times 6
Will make but 42.
Now 6 times 8 were 48
Of famous LONDON Dames,
And 6 times 9 were 54,
Who durst not tell their Names,
And 7 times 7 were 49
Stout Sailors, bold and true,
And 7 times 8 were 56
Belonging to the Crew.
Now 7 times 9 is 63,
According to this Rule,
And 8 times 8 were 64
Who staid away from School,
And 8 times 9 were 72,
That from it would not stay,
And 9 times 9 were 81
Who did not like to pay.
So now, brave Boys, with
cheerful Mind,
Let ev'ry one take Care,
To add, subtract, and multiply
And the Dividend to share;
The Quotient properly to place
And give each Man his Due,
Which, by the Divisor multi-
ply'd,
Will prove if all is true.

A DIALOGUE between TOM and HARRY, as they were going to School, concerning VULGAR FRACTIONS. Attempted by Way of a Song, for the Amusement of those Boys who love their Book better than Play.

H A R R Y.

GOOD Morrow, TOMMY, I am glad,
To meet you here so early;
Last Night of Fractions you did speak,
But now let's argue fairly.

T O M.

With all my Heart, HARRY, my Boy,
I'll give you Satisfaction,
Your Conversation gives me Joy,
Pray what's a Vulgar Fraction?

H A R R Y,

A Part or Parts of any Thing,
Be it Coin, Weight, or Measure;
Which I will more at large explain,
The while we are at leisure.

$\frac{2}{3}$, or $\frac{3}{5}$,
Are clear and proper Fractions,
And are as easy understood
As Men are by their Actions.

Mind, here the Numerator's less
Than the Denominator,
And is divided by a Line,
As the Poles are by th' Equator.

T O M

T O M.

Dear HARRY this I understand,
 Or any such Compaction;
 But tell me what it is you mean
 By an improper Fraction.

H A R R Y.

This is no more than the Reverse
 Of what I said before;
 For here the Denominator's less,
 And the Numerator more.

T O M.

I thank you kindly for this Hint,
 Your Judgment is profound;
 But tell me what it is you mean
 By a Fraction that's compound.

H A R R Y.

Compound Fractions are always known
 By the Word of between them,
 As $\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{1}{17}$;
 I know you've often seen them.
 And a mix'd Number is compos'd
 Of a Whole Number and a Fraction,
 As 2 and $\frac{3}{4}$ Quarters of a Yard;
 So lets proceed to Action,

T O M.

With all my Heart, HARRY, my Boy,
 I like your good Instruction;
 So beg you'll lead me, if you can,
 Through Fractions in Reduction.

HARRY

H A R R Y.

Yes, TOMMY, if you will but learn,
 The while we are at School,
 To bring them to their lowest Terms,
 And this is the best Rule,

To find a Common Measure.

Divide the great Term by the less,
 That Divisor by the Remainder,
 Till Nothing does remain at all,
 Sure Nothing can be plainer,
 And the last Divisor is the Thing
 We call a Common Measure;
 And this will divide both the Terms
 With Facility and Pleasure;
 Their Quotient is the Fraction then,
 As low as was desir'd,
 And if its in its lowest Terms,
 There is no more requir'd;
 But if there still should one remain,
 And you work true and steady,
 You may conclude the Fraction is
 In its lowest Terms already.

T O M.

I like your Notion very well,
 And find your Judgment sound;
 But now pray tell me what to do
 With a Fraction that's compound,

H A R R Y.

It is no more than multiplying
 Of all the Numerators,

And

And then be sure you do the same
 By the Denominators;
 Their Product is a Fraction new,
 But bring it something lower,
 Nay even to its lowest Terms,
 As you were taught before.

T O M.

Well done, I find you tell the Truth,
 And scorn the least Detraction;
 But if my Number's whole or mix'd,
 Make it an improper Fraction.

H A R R Y.

That I will do, now presently,
 For I'm no Equivocator,
 Be your whole Number what it will,
 One is the Denominator;
 If the whole Number chance to have
 An assign'd Denominator,
 Then multiply them both together
 For a new Numerator,
 The Denominator is the same
 As was assign'd before;
 But now have Patience, my dear Tom;
 And I will tell you more;
 If the whole Number chance to have
 A Fraction close annex'd,
 By the Denominator multiply
 The whole, and don't be vex'd:
 But bring the Numerator in
 For a new Numerator,
 And underneath all this subscribe
 The assign'd Denominator.

E

T O M

T O M.

But tell me, HARRY, what to do
 With my important Number
 To make it an Equivolent,
 Or proper Share of Plunder.

H A R R Y.

Divide the upper Term, my Boy
 By that which is below it,
 And then you'll see your proper Part,
 And easily will know it.

T O M.

But if I sometimes chance to meet
 Different Denominations,
 How can I change them up and down,
 Through all their various Stations;
 And tell me how I am to find,
 As you're a good Translator,
 Other Fractions of the same Worth,
 With a common Denominator.

H A R R Y.

This is as easy as the rest,
 Take each of your Numerators
 And multiply it separately
 Into all the Denominators;
 Except it be its own, my Boy,
 And that you must pass over,
 And your Numerators will be right,
 Suppose they'd reach to Dover;
 A common Denominator then
 Is easily attained,

For multiply them all in one,
And then your Point is gained.

T O M.

I thank you kindly, HARRY, now
The Value I would find;
Pray tell me this, I'll ask no more,
If you will be so kind.

H A R R Y

Why Tom this is quite easy done,
Multiply the Numerator
By the Parts that compose th' Integer,
Then use the Denominator
As a Divisor to the same;
Sure Nothing can be plainer,
The Quotient is the Answer then,
Unless there's a Remainder;
If there is it must be multiply'd
By the next Parts of the Integer;
And thus your Work will still go right,
Suppose it's for a Wager:
But if there's a Remainder yet,
Still you must do the same,
Till Nothing does remain at all---
Thus you may rise to Fame.

BRITANNIA

BRITANNIA in TEARS for the Loss of
her CHILDREN.

A S O N G.

THE other Night as I retir'd
To my usual Place of Rest,
I thought I heard BRITANNIA weeping
In a Corner, much distress'd:
Her Countenance was clouded over,
Quite neglected was her Hair,
Her Hands she wrung in bitter Anguish,
Like some Person in Despair,
Like some, &c.

She said, My Sorrows are redundant,
And my Grief is running o'er,
Because my Children daily leave me,
Never to return Home more.
O what sad Fury does possess them!
They that us'd to conquer all,
Have now forgot their Filial Duty,
And do by each other fall,
And do, &c.

Is there no Enemies around you,
Must your Combat be at Home;
Ev'ry Musket that you fire,
Leaves me weeping for a Son.
My dear Children, what's the Reason?
Is it for a little Tea,
I must lose so many of ye,
And your Lives be thrown away,
And your, &c.

Shake

Shake Hands and do not thus perplex me,
 Nor oppress me in old Age;
 Draw your Forces from each other,
 And walk off the bloody Stage :
 Otherwise you will undo me---
 Let my Children all be free ;
 For there's Nothing can revive me,
 Till they've got their Liberty,
 Till they've, &c.

My Son JACK WILKES has often told you
 That you trampled on the Laws ;
 This made Trouble quite surround you,
 While it gain'd him great Applause.
 Follow then the Paths of Justice,
 Do as you would be done by ;
 For I think there's Faults on both Sides---
 Give my Children Liberty,
 Give my, &c.

I long to see you reconciled,
 Then my Blessing you shall have ;
 It breaks my Heart to think a Briton
 Ever should be made a Slave :
 Ye know that you are all my Comfort,
 Why should you then disagree ;
 There is Land enough to hold you---
 Give my Children Liberty,
 Give my, &c.

In this Land she first was planted ;
 In no other she will grow,
 But were BRITAIN'S Sons support her---
 This my Children all do know :

So let me hear no more of Fighting,
 Why should British Blood be spilt?
 You can never have my Blessing,
 Till I find you free from Guilt,
 Till I find, &c.

When you are once more united,
 All your Foes will be dismay'd;
 Then your Fleet shall ride triumphant
 And restore the British Trade.
 So return, my loving Children,
 To your Duty and to me,
 Then I will restore my Blessing,
 And your wonted Liberty,
 And your, &c.

E N D